DC
SPECIAL
AMBUSH BUG
NOTHING SPECIAL
1
1992
US $2.50
CAN $2.95
UK £1
AMBUSH BUG
NOTHING
SPECIAL
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
HEY, BUDDY--
=HIC=
--CAN YA SPARE $2.50--
=HIC=
--FOR AN OUT-OF-WORK COMIC-BOOK CHARACTER?
HOMELESS
HUNGRY
HAVE THE HICCUPS
PLEASE
HELP!
GIFF AND GORD
DON'T PANIC!
Random Dent

THE BOOK OF JOBS

BY IRWIN SCHWAB, A.B.

"Before reading Schwab's book, I had a job repossessing Kirby vacuum cleaners in Forked River, New Jersey. Now I plot and pencil comic books for a major Manhattan publishing company!"
—Keith Giffen

"I was cleaning toilets in a Wegmans supermarket in Brockport, New York, when I stumbled across *The Book of Jobs*. Now I script comic books for a living!"
—Robert Loren Fleming

"Slinging pies at the Village Pizza Factory in Pacifica was my lot in life, until I read this remarkable book. Now I ink comic books for big bucks and am the envy of my friends!"
—Al Gordon

"I used to ink comic books for a living. Then I read Schwab's invaluable guide, which inspired me to foist off that dead-end job on some schlub in a pizzeria. I'm currently retired and living a life of leisure!"
—Bob Oksner

"My days of painting wrought-iron railings for my father in Dover, New Jersey, were numbered once I read *The Book of Jobs*. I followed Schwab's advice to the letter, and now I'm a letterer!"
—John Costanza

"I'm embarrassed to admit that I was a busboy at the Boulevard Cafe at Shopper's City in Brooklyn City, Minnesota, before reading this life-enhancing volume. However, I can now proudly proclaim my position as a well-paid comic-book colorist!"
—Anthony Tollin

"Believe it or not, I once worked for Monkey Business Singing Telegrams in Charlotte, North Carolina. I would dress up in cowboy boots, a ten-gallon hat, and a pink tutu, and pass myself off as J.R. Pewing! *The Book of Jobs* helped me escape all that, and I now work as an editor for DC Comics in New York City!"
—Michael Eury

"I am DC's Goodwill Ambassador. I have always been DC's Goodwill Ambassador. I will always be DC's Goodwill Ambassador."
—Julius Schwartz

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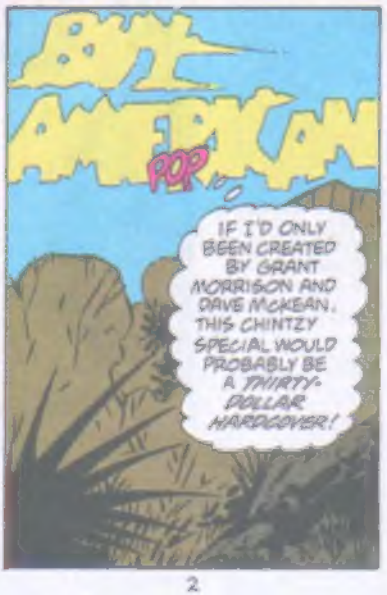

POP
IF I'D ONLY BEEN CREATED BY GRANT MORRISON AND DAVE McKEAN, THIS CHINTZY SPECIAL WOULD PROBABLY BE A THIRTY-DOLLAR HARDCOVER!

LESSON NUMBER ONE:

"DON'T LOSE SIGHT OF THE FOREST FOR THE TREES!"

A biodegradable résumé will help to make a good impression.

LESSON NUMBER TWO:

"THERE ARE PLENTY OF FISH IN THE SEA!"

Never let a prospective employer see you wet, and remember that salt water will really do a number on cashmere!

BOY, THOSE PORTA-JOHNS SURE DO COME IN HANDY!
GUESS I'D BETTER GET BACK TO THE MOON BEFORE ANY OF THE READERS NOTICE I'M MISSING FROM THE ECLIPSO CROSSOVER SERIES!
SEE DC'S SUMMER ANNUALS! --MICHAEL.

LESSON NUMBER THREE:

"THE SKY'S THE LIMIT!"

Plan your strategy very carefully before approaching a prospective employer. Test your pitch on a friend. Practice in front of the mirror. When you're sure you're ready, travel to the NASA Space Center and enroll in their astronaut training program. Helpful tip: Don't skip Heat Shields 101!

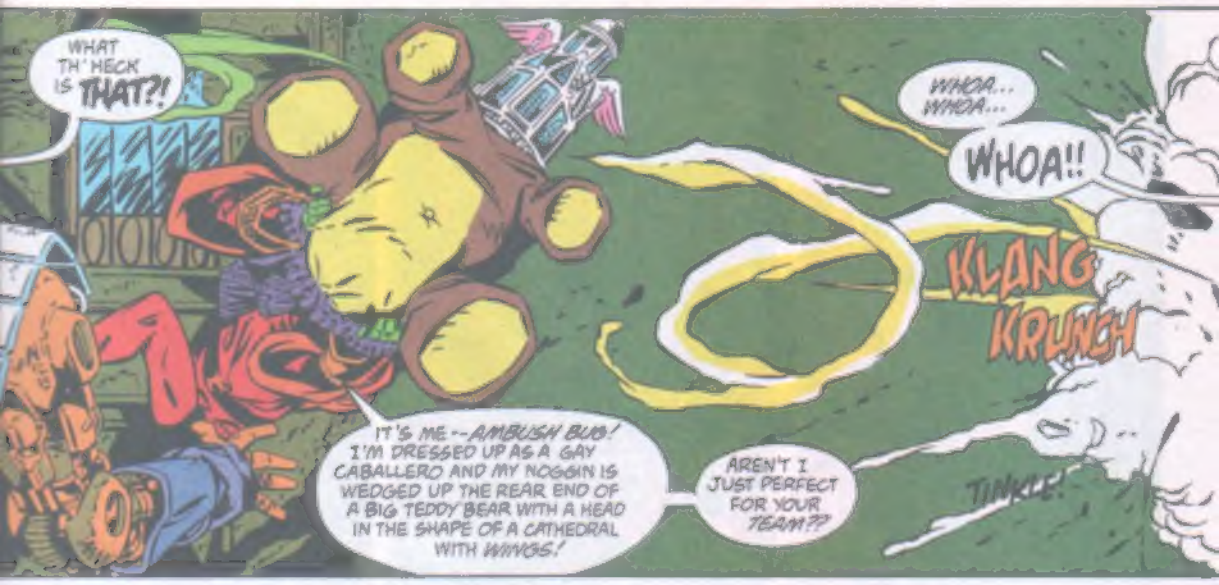
AND NOW IT'S TIME FOR ANOTHER TEAR-DRENCHED ISSUE OF...

NOV. NO.9
WHINEY, PATHETIC
LOVE
HAVE YOU TOLD ROSE ABOUT YOUR... OPERATION, MICHAEL?
OH, MOTHER... HOW CAN I? WHEN ROSE AGREED TO MARRY ME, I WAS A WHOLE MAN! SHE DESERVES WHAT I CAN NO LONGER GIVE HER! ROSE DESERVES A HUSBAND WITH A SPLEEN!!
GOSH! THAT POOR GUY! I WISH THERE WAS SOMETHING I COULD DO TO HELP HIM! IT'S THE SAME OLD STORY: BOY MEETS GIRL, BOY GETS SPLEEN! IF I'VE SEEN IT ONCE, I'VE SEEN IT A--
AM I GOING COMPLETELY CRAZY OR IS THERE A BACKGROUND CHARACTER TALKING ON THAT AD FLAT?!?
WHO HIRED THAT GUY?? I WANT HIM OUT OF THERE!! BRING BACK STEVE TREVOR! NOW. THERE'S A MAN WHO KNOWS HOW TO STAND QUIETLY IN THE BACKGROUND AND WEEP!!

LESSON NUMBER FOUR:

"SILENCE IS GOLDEN"

Shhhh.


WHAT TH' HECK IS THAT?!
WHOA... WHOA...
WHOA!!
KLANG KRUNCH
IT'S ME--AMBUSH BUG! I'M DRESSED UP AS A GAY CABALLERO AND MY NOGGIN IS WEDGED UP THE REAR END OF A BIG TEDDY BEAR WITH A HEAD IN THE SHAPE OF A CATHEDRAL WITH WINGS!
AREN'T I JUST PERFECT FOR YOUR TEAM??
TINKLE!

LESSON NUMBER FIVE:

"NOT MANY ANGELS WILL FIT ON THE HEAD OF A PIN!"

It was always a stupid question and now you know the answer.

THAT COMMENT ILLUSTRATES MY POINT, JACK! YOU'VE GOT NO SENSE OF HUMOR! YOU'RE DEADLY DULL!
YOU ARE DESPERATELY IN NEED OF A WACKY SIDEKICK!!

LESSON NUMBER SIX:

"LIKE GRAINS OF SAND THROUGH AN HOURGLASS, SO PASS THE DAYS OF OUR LIVES!"

Okay, so I'm unemployed and I'm home killing time watching the afternoon soaps. Still, can you believe that people listen to that opening and then sit around in front of the tube for an hour?

YEAH, YEAH, I JUST CAME OUTTA THE *CRAPPER!* IF YOU WERE EXPECTIN' A "FLUSH" SOUND EFFECT, *FERGET IT!* I AIN'T NEVER FLUSHED NO FRAGGIN' TOILET *BEFORE*, AND I'M NOT ABOUT TO START *NOW!*

FROM NOW ON, I'LL DO ALL THE COOKING AND CLEANING AROUND HERE!
YOU CAN JUST PAY ME WHATEVER YOU CAN *AFFORD!* IS IT A DEAL, DADDY? SHALL I *GET TO WORK?*

LESSON NUMBER SEVEN:

"GOOD THINGS COME IN SMALL PACKAGES."

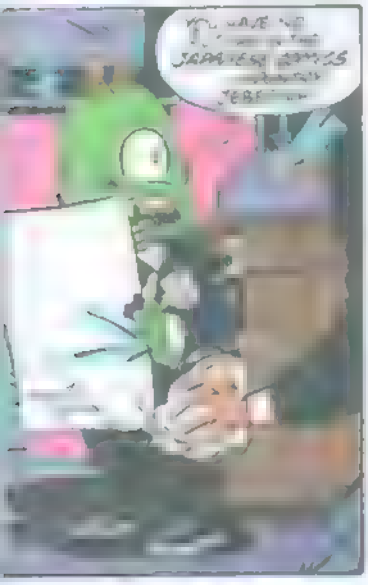
If you're unemployed and on a tight budget, you might want to purchase a case or two of Lobo Brand tuna! It's cheap and nutritious and...heck, why not run right out and pick up a can this very minute? And open it! Don't forget to open it!!

El Creators
HAW HAW HAW!!
:BURRRP:
THIS IS GOING REALLY WELL! WE SHOULD PLOT ALL OUR STORIES HERE!
SECOND THE MOTION!
OKAY, SO WE'VE GOT THE BUG TRAPPED IN CANS OF ZOMP, WHAT DO WE DO NEXT?
NEXT, NEXT...
WOULD YOU GENTLEMEN CARE FOR ANOTHER ROUND?
ANOTHER ROUND! THAT'S IT! WE'LL HAVE ANOTHER ROUND AND THEN WE'LL THINK OF AN IDEA!!
WE SHOULD PLOT ALL OUR STORIES HERE!!
UH... I ALREADY SAID THAT.
IT BEARS REPEATING!

El
WHY CAN'T THIS JAPANESE BEER

BOOM!

THE SOUND OF THAT BOOM IS DRIVING ME CRAZ---!!
Eh
Eh
AND I'M SURE THE DEATH OF BEAST RIGHT TO LEFT!!


JAPANESE COMICS

YOUR WORK IS ALL YOUR OWN WHAT'S THE MATTER--TOO GOOD FOR ASH STAINS??

AND WHERE ARE YOUR SPEED LINES??
MAN JOSSS HAVE SPEED LINES

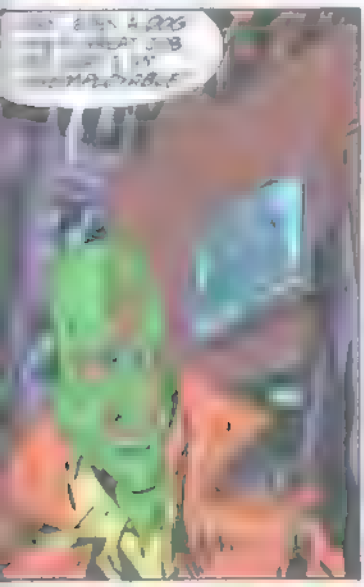
NEVER MET A NINJA

THIS IS FOR MY MOTHER
THIS IS FOR MY NINJA DOG

El
I THOUGHT REX WAS THE WONDER DOG
NINJA
WONDER!
NINJA
WONDER!
NINJA!!

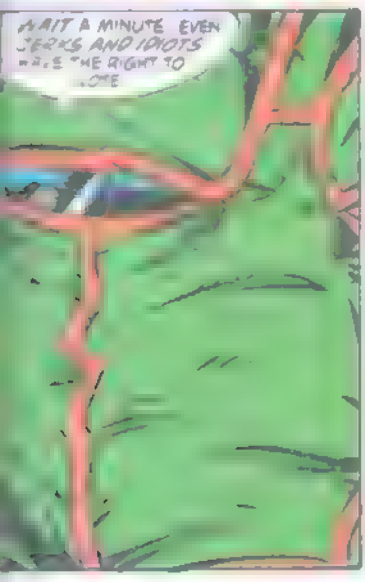
I THOUGHT DEB WAS THE WONDER DOG!
HE DECIDED TO GO CLASSICAL!

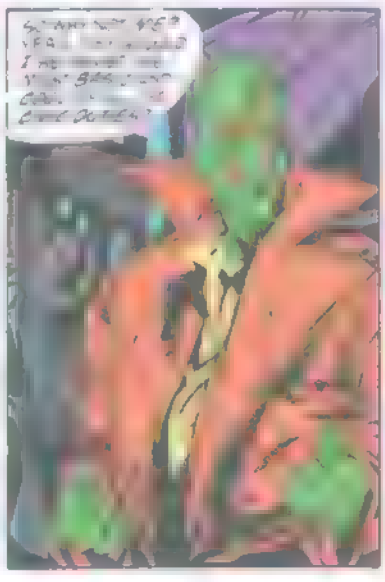
DEAR HOLMES



UNITED STATES?
WE PROBABLY USE THE SAME OLD PRESIDENT AS IN THE REAL WORLD

NO WONDER THINGS ARE SO TOUGH FOR ME
DON'T EVEN GET TO VOTE!

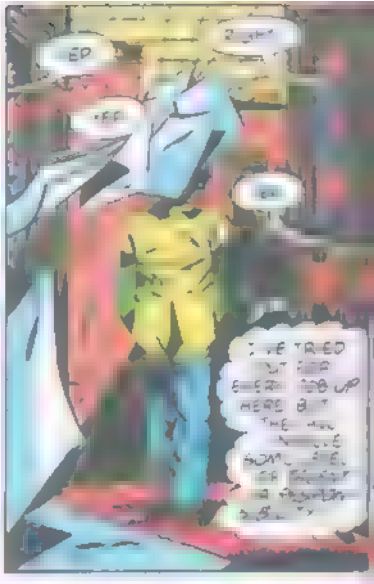

WAIT A MINUTE EVEN JERKS AND IDIOTS HAVE THE RIGHT TO VOTE



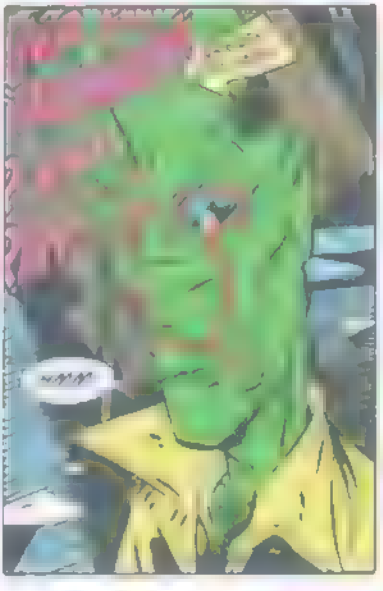
AARRRGH!!
WHAT'S HAPPENED AGAIN?
I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'RE FEELING DEEP IN MY BODY THE MACHINE
HMMM DID HE JUST SAY "TROO" AS IN THROUGH "R TEE ROUGH" AS IN GAELIC JARGON?
I HAVE TO REMEMBER TO ASK HIM IF EVER COME TO MY SENSES
AY BUGGS! YA WOULDN'T BELIEVE THAT ARSEHOLE CALL JARGON!
BACK DOC ROACH I WAS HERE FIRST!
I'VE GOT OARS
I'VE GOT ONE MORE
OTHER
EXCUSE ME, I DON'T RECALL YOU WERE MARRIED
WE SHOULD BE MARRIED
THROUGH DOG
IN
IF SCHWARTZ BE MY DESTINY!

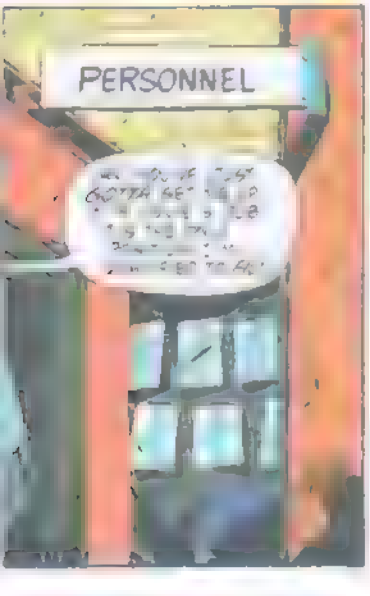
READERS, YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO BEAR WITH US! IF THIS STORY SEEMS A LITTLE
KEITH' FLEM' ABOUT THAT DOPEY TITLE..
HI... ALLLL!
OAKA
IT'S UP!

EURY!


ED
I'VE TRIED

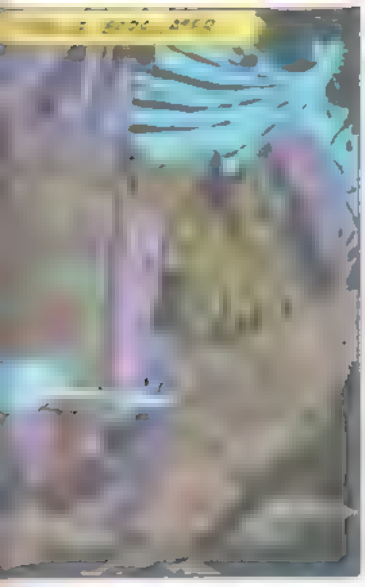
YAY, JULIE!!


HMM


PERSONNEL

SOD

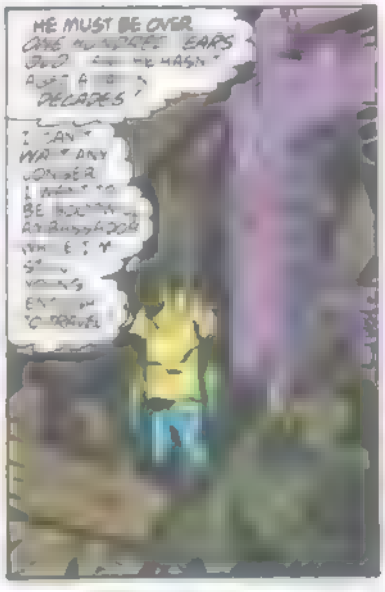
I MEAN, HE'S
HE DOES THE JOB, BUT IT'S YOURS



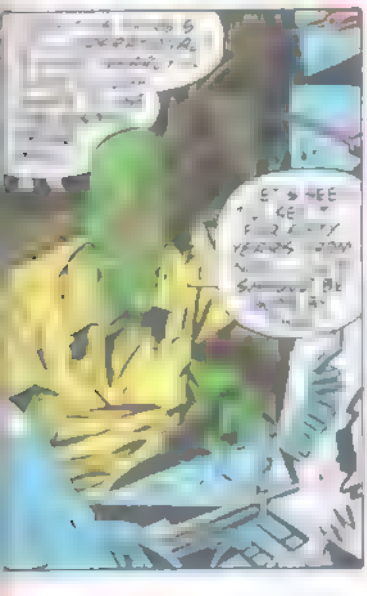
THE DC WAREHOUSE
MAN, THIS IS REALLY SPOOKY
I DON'T KNOW BETTER I'D SAY THEY WERE
BIG GIANTS

UHH... IF THE BATMAN DON'T KNOW WHERE THE TO ALIEN WORLDS IS HERE
I'M GETTING A BAD VIBE
KINDA CHANGES MY LIFE

TOO MUCH
ANY LOOSE BODIES OF BOOZED THE JUNGLE BOY N
UHH...


HE MUST BE OVER ONE HUNDRED YEARS OLD
AND A MASK
DECADES!
I CAN WAIT ANY LONGER
BE BOOZIN AT BUNNYADOR
WHERE IT'S
CONTROL

AND SPEAKING
HERE IT IS!
NEVER DOES TIME
CUBE


LET'S SEE
FIFTY YEARS

JUST TO BE ON THE SAFE SIDE
ONE HUNDRED YEARS IN THE FUTURE

TINGLY!

I WONDER IF I'M IN THE FUTURE?
EXCEPT FOR THAT HUNDRED GROSS OF
GUESS KE TH F NALLY CAME A CRO
POOR OLD JULIE!
?!?

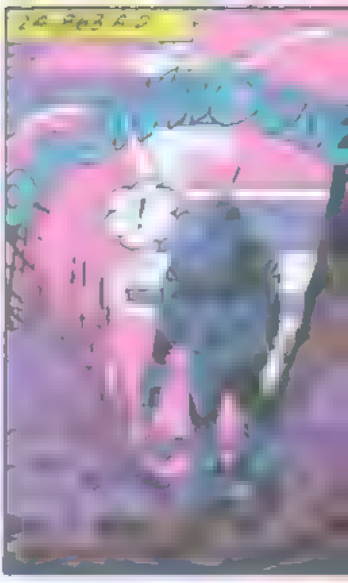
BY THE OTHER HAND
THIS THING HAS DIALS FOR HOURS AND DAYS AND WEEKS AND MONTHS AND YEARS
I WONDER IF THERE'S A DIAL FOR
--PAAAGGGEESSSS!
GATE 27
ZZZZZZ
:URK:
LAST FLIGHT!
ZZZZZZ

NOT FOR HIM, THIS AMBUSH BUG CREATURE
OKAY
THANKS AL
THEY'VE JUST SWITCHED TO A COLOURS
AHEM
...AND I WAS JUST TELLING HIS ABOUT THE BLENDER
WHAT DO I WANT WITH AN APPLIANCE THAT HAS ANYTHING MAKES ME UNEASY
I THINK I CAN EXPLAIN RJ
JULIE LADY
HE GOT HIS NAME RIGHT
THE BLENDER
BUT IF YOU DON'T

KREASH!
PAW!
THEY RE ABSOLUTELY RIGHT. IT'S NOT THE FALL THAT KILLS YA, IT'S THAT SUDDEN KREASH!
LAST THING I REMEMBER I WENT TO CUBE AND SET THE DIAL FOR THE END OF TIME!
WHAT'S IT BEEN? FIFTY
LONG TIME NO SEE
HUH?

I HEARD
WHAT?

?
?


!

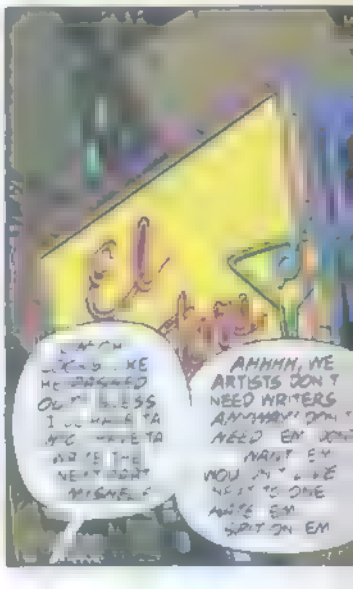
003

006
*

ANGEL'S FLIGHT

AGE OF DARKNESS
WHAT THE HELL?

HEY
DON'T YOU
THINK
AND THE
DARKNESS
AGE?


AMMM
LIKE
HE
OUT
I
AMMM, WE
ARTISTS DON'T
NEED WRITERS
AMMMM, DON'T
NEED EM
WANT EM
WOULDN'T LIKE
EM
SPIT ON EM

DC COMICS PROUDLY PRESENTS...
A KEITH GIFFEN "JOINT"
(I GOT THAT FROM SPIKE LEE)
BUG
NUMBER ONE
FIRST ISSUE! GET IN ON THE GROUND FLOOR!
IT'S NOW OR NEVER!
OUT OF MY WAY!!
I HAVE TO APPEAR ON SEVEN DIFFERENT COVERS AT THE SAME TIME!!

SEVEN COVERS LATER
LURKS
I BUS HAVE NOW LURKED ABOVE THIS BROODING CITY AND KIND OF OFF TO ONE SIDE FOR FAR TOO LONG!
AND BESIDES WHEN SOMETHIN' MY ENEMY WITH APPEAR
I WITH APPEAR!
VERY I DOTHEST!
RAUP
LOOK HOW MY LEGS CAN GO!
S THAT ADVANTAGEOUS OR WHAT?!?
FWP

ALL CHILDREN!
IT TAKES AN EDITOR
LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT KEITH GIFFEN. WHO DOES HIM WITH THE PAPER HE DRAWS ON?
ME
AND ROBERT LOREN FLEMING? THERE IS NO SUCH PERSON. WHO EVER HEARD OF ANYONE WITH THREE NAMES?
I HAVE
I TAUGHT
SPEAK ENGLISH.
HE WISHES ME A 'GOOD'
HE OWES ME
I DON'T THINK THAT WILL HAPPEN AGAIN.
THE EDITOR
NUMERO UNO

I ALWAYS WONDERED WHAT AN ED'TOR
FLEX WAS
I KINDA MISS HEARING FROM THAT OLD GUY..
HEY, AL!
STOP WASTING SO MUCH INK AND GIVE ME A CALL!
DEATH?
DC'S DOING A SUMMER CROSSOVER?
I'LL BET THAT'S HOW I'M GETTIN' SCREWED!
SEMANTICS!!
LADY, I NEED
WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?

I MEANS YOU RE NEITHER ALIVE NOR DEAD!
LET S SEE ADAM STRANGE AMANDA WALLER AMETHYST
NOPE YOU RE NOT ON EITHER LIST!
S JUST AS I ALWAYS SUSPECTED
I M PERSONA NON GRATA
ACTUALLY, I USED TO THINK THAT WAS THE
WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
I COULD DIE Y KNOW
KOF! KOF!
DIDJA HEAR THAT? KOF SOUNDS LIKE THROAT CANCER TO ME
I COULD SO TOO DIE!
KOF
DIDN'T WANNA BE IN THEIR STINKY CROSSOVER ANYWAY
HEY WAIT A MINUTE FLEM'S SUPPOSED TO BE COORDINATING THAT CROSSOVER
AND I KNOW WHERE HE LIVES

OW!
OW!
OOH!
FUNNYBONE!
ONE THING LEFT TO TRY
CRAWL CRAWL

FOREVER AMBUSH

by

Robert Loren Fleming

Chapter One

Irwin lay in the dark with his eyes open. He could hear his parents arguing on the other side of the wall, in their bedroom. Well, there was no use kidding himself. His parents weren't arguing; they were fighting. It had been going on all night.

Irwin slipped quietly out of bed. The hardwood floor was cold against his bare feet. He made certain not to step on any of the floorboards that squeaked. There was a bit of light coming through the crack between the drapes, but Irwin could easily have made his way across the room in total darkness. This had always been his room. Until recently, he hadn't thought much about that. Now, as the thin light of day began to filter through the cotton drapes at the window, Irwin's heart was filled with affection and sadness for every morning that he had woken in this familiar place.

He dressed quickly, taking his clothes from the chair in front of the mirror. When he accidentally noticed his own reflection, he was surprised at how serious, how adult he seemed. Part of it was a trick of the light, but he was all of sixteen now, and his shoulders were even broader than his father's. Those things he had proudly noted many times, standing before this same mirror and flexing his muscles, thrusting forward his chest. This morning was different. Unblinking, he stared himself in the eye. He was a man; there was no mistaking it.

Letting himself out through his window, Irwin tiptoed through the dewy grass. It soaked into his sneakers. His feet felt clammy and a chill ran up his spine. He hit the driveway running, bringing his legs up high and smacking the tarmac in long, squishy strides. The morning air was so easy to run through. The sun hadn't come up yet, so the light was clear and stark. The world seemed black and white, old fashioned like the photos of his parents when they were young and didn't know that they would someday have a strong, fine boy who would run through the crisp spring air of this morning thinking of them and praying for them.

Irwin stared across an undulating meadow at the red brick building where he attended school. Later today he would be there at Penmore High, swimming, quarterbacking, pitching, being the golden boy. He could see the athletic field off in the distance, waiting for him. He ran on.

Irwin quickened his pace, shortening his strides and running double-time across the Main Street intersection. The traffic light flashed yellow, but it was almost invisible against the brilliant bursts of sunlight reflecting off its metal surface. Irwin felt the hot rays on his back. He imagined steam pouring from his shoulder blades, like the wings of a great bird. He imagined himself running in slow motion, gently stepping into the air as his wispy wings carried him over the town square, the sun beaming from every strand of golden hair, his jogging suit rippling in the breeze. Golden boy!

Irwin leapt a hedge and landed on Clover Lane. He sprinted down the center of the street to the fourth house on the left and ran up the driveway. Bouncing to a halt, he swung his arms from side to side and stretched his long neck, rolling his head clockwise and then counterclockwise as he moved into the backyard. He did one last frantic run in place before relaxing, sauntered over to a window and tapped.

"Come on, Stan," he said quietly. "You told me to get you up for a run. You said you'd be ready." He tapped again, harder. The window shade suddenly sprang away and a dishevelled figure stood revealed in the sunlight. Stanley Porterhouse squinted into the glare. Slowly, he brought his head forward until his entire face pressed grotesquely against the glass of the windowpane.

"What time is it?" he groaned.

"Time to go, shake a leg!" Irwin exclaimed, and he did five animated jumping jacks in hopes of motivating his sluggish pal.

"I'll get you for this, Schwab," moaned Stan, who climbed from his window into a box hedge and needed help escaping the bush. Several minutes later, both boys jogged up Lexington, heading back toward the traffic light.

"Thanks for coming for me, Irwin," said Stan, with a grin. "Sorry I was a little grouchy before."

"No problem, pal," Irwin replied. "I woke up in a lousy mood myself."

"Is anything wrong?" Stan asked, with genuine concern. "You said something last week about your folks having an argument."

"Well, yeah, they were fighting again," Irwin admitted. "I'm not worried about it or anything, they're probably just going through a phase." He shrugged and smiled, but his eyes felt too serious. He was sure that Stan noticed, because he immediately changed the subject.

"I think that's enough for today, Irwin," he said.

"Nothing doing." Irwin exclaimed. "My legs hurt, too, but I'm not giving up! You'll never make any of the teams if you're not willing to work at it, Stan!" Irwin pulled up a handful of crabgrass and slammed it against the trunk of a tree. "You really beat everything, you know that? The only kid in town with a fully equipped gym, and you can't even jog half a mile!"

"Thanks, Irwin," said Stan quietly.

"Thanks?" Irwin replied. "Thanks for what? For chewing you out?"

"Thanks for really caring whether I make a team," Stan said. "The other guys all come over to help me, but I know they just want to use my equipment. You're different. You're a real friend."

"I don't need your equipment," Irwin exclaimed cheerfully. "I'm the golden boy, remember?"

"Yeah, and you love it," Stan observed.

"Well," Irwin grinned, "yeah, I suppose I do. Now move your butt, we've got another two miles to go, skinnybones." The boys raced across the intersection and headed north toward the hospital, the fire station and Fenmore High. The sun beamed down on them. It was a perfectly beautiful day.

HIS WISPY WINGS CARRIED HIM OVER THE TOWN SQUARE
SHUT UP
THE SUN BEAMING FROM EVERY STRAND OF GOLDEN HAIR
SHUTUP!!
HIS TOWERING SCULPTURED IN THE BREEZE
[.. PAUSE FOR DRAMATIC EFFECT...]
GOLDEN BOY!!
I'LL GET YOU FOR THIS KEITH
OH YEAH I'M LOOKING FOR THE BLACK DIAMONDS THAT TURNS YOU INTO AN ECLIPSO
ONE!?!
OUT YOUR DIRTY LITTLE EMPORIUM
LOOK I DON'T HAVE FIVE BIG ONES
I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT BIG ONES ARE
THERE'S TAX ON JEWELRY!?
IF I GIVE YOU $4.97, WILL YOU LET ME HOLD
SECURITY TO REGISTER TWELVE!
PSSSST HEY YOU
HUH?
YEAH YOU
C'MERE
JONNI DC!
I USEDTA BE
BUT RIGHT NOW I DO JUST WHAT YER LOOKIN FOR AT A TIME YA WON'T BELIEVE
HOW MUCH?
$4.97
I DON'T BELIEVE IT

SO ANNUAL CONVENTION EVENT HERE I COME
HMM... LET'S SEE
ACCORDING TO THE NOTES I FOUND IN
TORNED OFF
BAB!
IF I CAN'T GET ANGRY DRIVING A CAB IN NEW YORK CITY
THEN I SHOULD START MY OWN LINE OF INSPIRATIONAL VIDEOS
HERE COMES
IS THERE ANYTHING WE CAN DO TO CHEER YOU UP?
!
YEAH THIS IS MORE LIKE IT I'M IN THE WRONG NEIGHBOR MOOD BEFORE
HMM HMM
ADC
THAT SHOW WAS A RIOT! I'VE GOTTA GET DOWN TO ALTOONA AND VISIT DON AND LINDA REAL SOON!
I PITY
MISTER

OKAY THIS IS MY LAST SHOT!
THE ONE JOB MORE OR NOTHING THAN NEW YORK CAB DRIVER IS BEING A CAMP COUNSELOR IN A GHOST TOWN THE THIRTEENTH WEEK!
HECK, I'M GETTING PRETTY STEAMED JUST THINKING ABOUT THEM MAKING ANOTHER OF THESE SPLATTER FESTS
I THE ANCIENT ROMANS CAN KNOW WHAT'S BEING DONE WITH THEIR NUMERALS
I DO KINDA LIKE THAT SPOOKY MUSIC THEY USE THO'--ALWAYS BEFORE SOMEONE'S ABOUT TO REALLY GET IT..
EAH MORE LIKE THAT
OHHH NO, YOU DON'T!
WHA--?!
AIEEEE!!
APPROVED BY THE PITY PARTY
BE SAID
Julie's HELPFUL HINTS!
SHOULDA HIT THE SPEAKER
·ggg·

WHIMPER
--UNFAIR!
THE HORROR! THE HORROR!
HEYYYY..
EVEN THE RENEGADE JULIE HEAD NOT TRULY ECLIPSED
CHEAP BOGUS CRUMMY R.P. OFF
DIAMOND!
STOMP! STOMP
AY!
IXNAY ON THE OMPSTAY, UGBAY!
ECLIPSO!
WHERE? WHERE?
YOU ARE ECLIPSO I CALLED YOU UP WITH MY GIRL ALEX DIAMOND!
AFRAID NOT, BUDDY-BOY! THAT GEM OF YOURS IS A BLACK SUBATOMIC ZIRCONIUM WORTH ABOUT THREE CENTS
AND I'M ECLIPSO'S THIRD LIFE, SEEN TWICE RENEWED.
--BROWNOUT!

CAN YOU CAPTURE ME AND TAKE ME TO THE MOON?
HAH!
TELL YOU WHAT THOUGH
AFTER I SET OFF WORK YOU CAN COME ALONG TO THE FAMILY
CANARSIE
AT'S MY BEST OFFER
OKAY BOB YOU CAN TURN AROUND AND PULL UP YOUR PANTS NOW
THIS IS THE LAST TIME I'M MODELLING FOR YOU
SO YOU RE - WHAT?.. LIKE DEMI-GODS OR SOMETHING?
WE'RE THE LAST REMNANTS OF AN ANCIENT RACE OF EXTREMELY MINOR GODS
BUT WE HEAR THAT CLIVE BARKER MIGHT WRITE A MOVEL ABOUT US!
THAT'S GREAT!
UH
DO TRUCKERS EAT HERE?
LET ME INTRODUCE OU TO EVERYONE
THIS IS MY SISTER-IN-LAW-- TALKS WITH MOUTH FULL!
DOW DOO BOO JOO?
MY NEPHEW, FIRST-TO-ARRIVE-LAST-TO-LEAVE AND HIS LITTLE BROTHER, BADBREATH!
SO ON THE TENTH FRAME I ACTUALLY SCRATCHED AND THEN
OVER THERE'S MY DAUGHTER NEVER READY ON TIME AND BESIDE HER SHE'S INCONTINENT!
BETTER BRING THE MOP AGAIN, DADDY
ER SORRY!
AND THEN THERE ARE THE GRANDCHILDREN AND GRANDCHILDREN START TO WIN THE YOUNGSES? WE HAVE UH MISTER BUS? DO
DID YOU KNOW THAT YOU'RE DROOLING?

THIS WEEK IN COMICS' NEWSPAPER:

- OUR PREVIEW: "THE SCREAMING SOCKS OF EASY"
- ANOTHER 'GREAT MOMENT IN COMIC BOOK HISTORY"
- "INTERVIEW WITH A LUNATIC" WE EXPLORE THE SCHIZOID WORLD OF AMBUSH BUG
- AND OUR USUAL LINE-UP OF ADS, LETTERS, ADS, COMING COMICS, ADS, STINKY CARTOONS, ADS, PRESS RELEASES, ADS...AND THE LOWEST-PAID COLUMNISTS ANYWHERE!

ISSUE NO. 1028 (BSUN-31248) 21st YEAR July 31 1992 "The Newspaper for Functional Literates"

AMBUSH BUGGY!

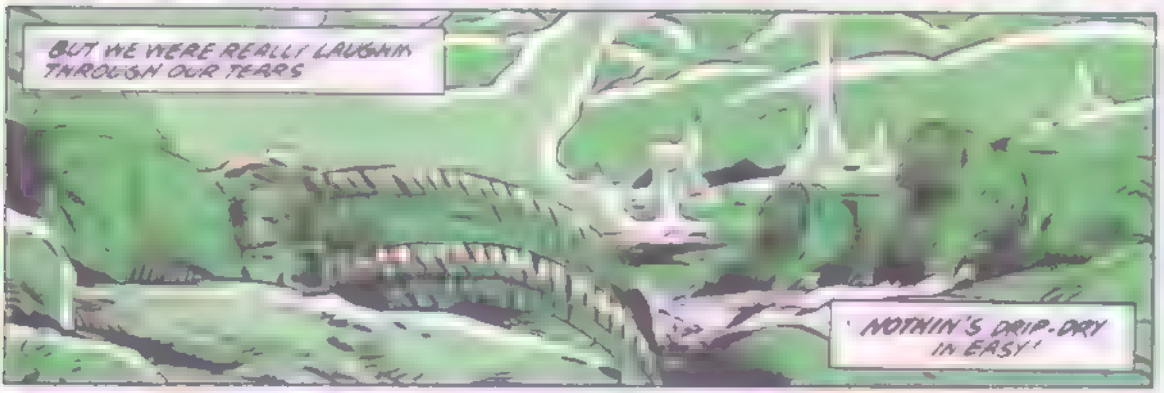
OUT-OF-WORK COMIC BOOK CHARACTER COMMITTED!

KYLE GIFFEN AND OTHER PRE-TEEN CREATORS LEAVE DC TO FORM NEW COMPANY

"ARTISTS DON'T NEED WRITERS! DON'T NEED 'EM, DON'T WANT 'EM, WOULDN'T LIVE NEXT TO 'EM!" SAYS KYLE GIFFEN'S FATHER, KEITH.

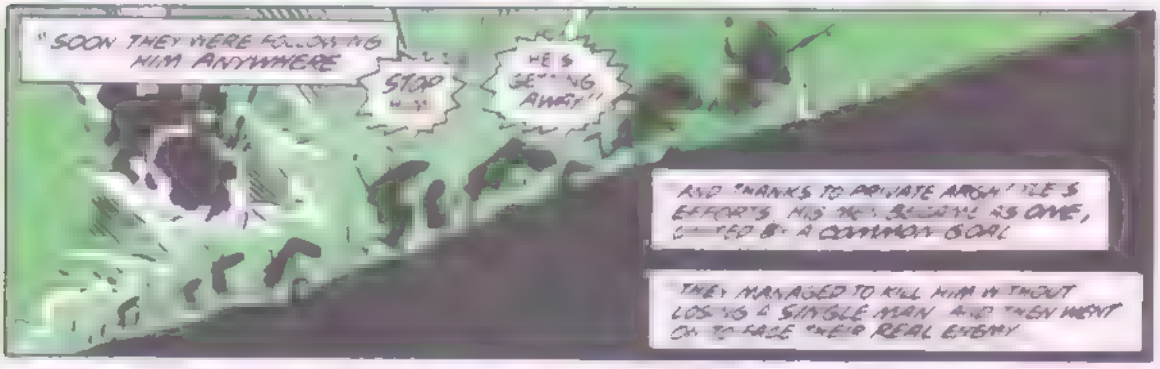
MAYBE IT WAS ALL THAT MARCHIN'... BUT WHATEVER IT WAS, I'LL NEVER FORGET THE DAY THAT ME AND ALL-A MY MEN WERE KILLED! BECAUSE THAT WAS THE DAY THE WHOLE CRAZY WAR DEPENDED ON

"THE SCREAMING SOCKS of EASY!"



AS I LAY THERE DYING I WATCHED HIM EARNING FUTURE STRIPES
TEN-HUT!
MAKE 'EM DOUBLES
SMOKE 'EM GOLDBRICKS
LET'S GO YOU MISERABLE DAMYANKS
I LOVE THESE WONDERFUL SONGS
HE KEPT HIS COOL WHILE BLOWING HIS STACK. EVEN THOUGH MY LARGE INTESTINE WAS HANGING OUT, I HAD TO ADMIRE HIS STYLE

HIS MEN WERE INSPIRED BY HIS EXAMPLE AND HUNG ON HIS EVERY WORD
LET'S KILL THE S.O.B
I SAY WE UNRAVEL
UNRAVELINGS TOO GOOD FOR HIM
YOU STUPID...
SHIFTLESS...
LOYAL COMPANIONS!
LAZY...
UGLY...


"SOON THEY WERE FOLLOWING HIM ANYWHERE
STOP HIM!
HE'S GETTING AWAY!"
AND THANKS TO PRIVATE ARGYLE'S EFFORTS, HIS MEN, BOUND AS ONE, UNITED BY A COMMON GOAL
THEY MANAGED TO KILL HIM WITHOUT LOSING A SINGLE MAN AND THEN WENT ON TO FACE THEIR REAL ENEMY

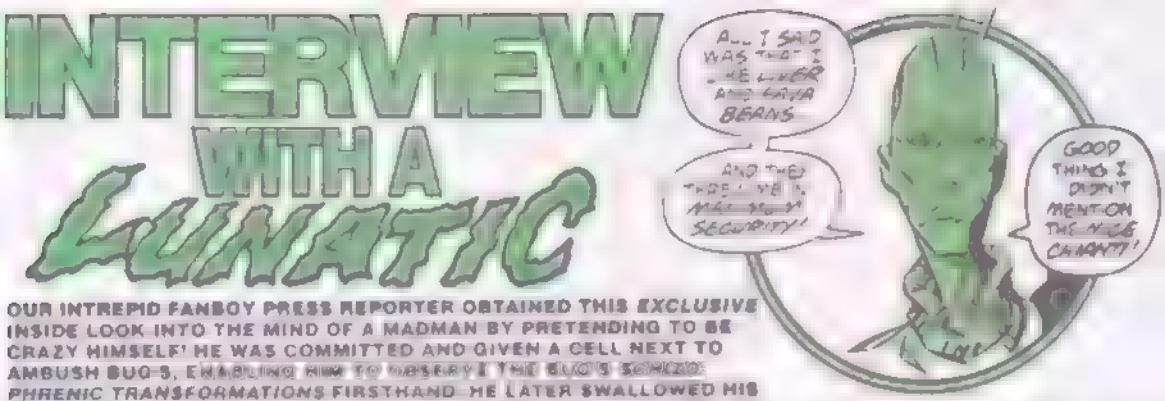
GOOSESTEPPERS!!

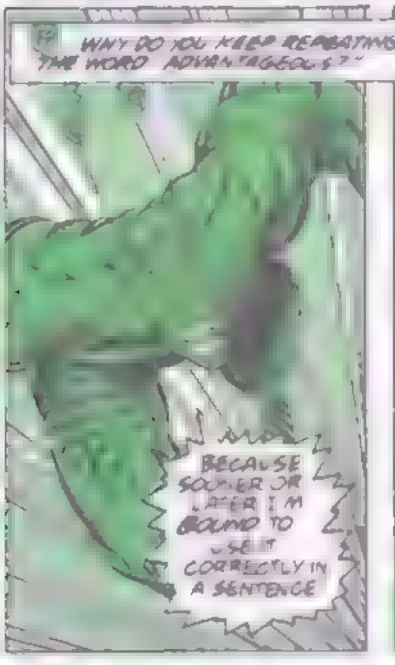
YEAH, IT'S A NUTTY WAR, BUT THERE YOU HAVE IT. IF YOUR OWN SOCKS COULD TALK, THEY'D HAVE STORIES TO TELL. BUT
WOULD YOU LISTEN?"
THE END

GREAT MOMENTS IN COMIC BOOK HISTORY
KEITH, COME AND EAT YOUR DINNER!
NOT NOW, MA! MY SHOW'S ON
IT'S ABOUT A SISTER OF A DEAD LADY
I'LL
BABY
HAIR OF GOLD
MOTHER
AND PHYLLIS DILLER
AND CHUCK MCCANN
NEVER
KEITH IAN GIFFEN! GET IN YOUR ROOM AND DO YOUR HOMEWORK!
DO YOU THINK THOSE SILLY SHOWS ARE GOING TO HELP YOU EARN A LIVING??
HA

INTERVIEW WITH A LUNATIC

OUR INTREPID FANBOY PRESS REPORTER OBTAINED THIS *EXCLUSIVE* INSIDE LOOK INTO THE MIND OF A MADMAN BY PRETENDING TO BE CRAZY HIMSELF! HE WAS COMMITTED AND GIVEN A CELL NEXT TO AMBUSH BUG-3, ENABLING HIM TO OBSERVE THE BUG'S SCHIZOPHRENIC TRANSFORMATIONS FIRSTHAND. HE LATER SWALLOWED HIS OWN TONGUE AND DIED, BUT NOT BEFORE SUBMITTING THIS REPORT!


ALL I SAID WAS THAT I LIKE LIVER AND FAVA BEANS
AND THEY THREW ME IN MAXIMUM SECURITY!
GOOD THING I DIDN'T MENTION THE NICE CHIANTI!



FP
WHAT IS ART?
WHAT'D I SAY ABOUT THOSE STUPID QUESTIONS?
OKAY, OKAY, IT'S THE D SPOS TION OR MODIFI-CAT ON OF THINGS BY HUMAN SKILL, TO ANSWER THE PURPOSE INTENDED
HEY?

BOB! BOB! YOU'RE TURNING BLUE!
:GAK:
I EVER TRIED TO SWALLOW
THE GLASS, DON'T PASS HIM ANY STAPLES OR PAPER CLIPS, DON'T TELL HIM ANYTHING
TORMENT HIM
HE HATES THAT
AN BLUE BUG? I'M SURE I'VE SEEN HIM IN DC COMICS
CAN HE HEAR ME IN THERE?
NO
BUG, I NEED YOUR HELP
IS MESSING IN THE CONTINUITY!
YOU'RE THE ONLY CHARACTER
AND
TO TELL
ABOUT
WILL YOU HELP LEAD ME TO THIS
OF CONSISTENCY, BUG?

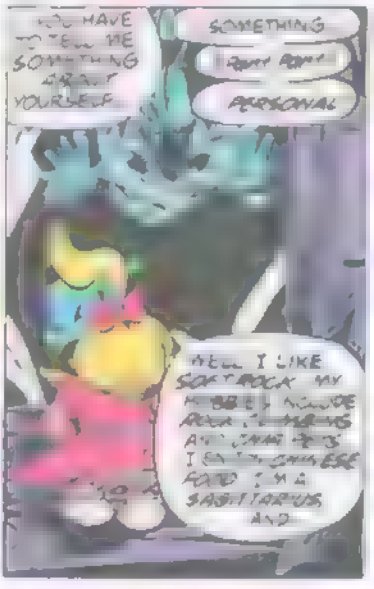
YOU COME HERE WITH YOUR DUMB HEAD SHOES AND YOUR BABY JABBER AGAIN AND EXPECT ME TO HELP YOU?
WELL OKAY!!

HERE'S THE FILE ON THE BLASPHEMER
IF WE GET HIM, YOU GO DIRECTLY ON DC'S COMP LIST
AND RETRIEVE EACH MOAT-BEINGS INCLED TO YOUR CELL FLAT AND IN MINT CONDITION!

WOW!
MINT CONDITION!
CRUNCH

HMMM

YES, I MAY BE ABLE TO PROVIDE SOME INFORMATION ON THIS INDIVIDUAL...
BUT FIRST


YOU HAVE TO TELL ME SOMETHING ABOUT YOURSELF
SOMETHING
PERSONAL
WELL I LIKE SOFT ROCK MY HOBBIES INCLUDE ROCK CLIMBING AND I'M A SAGITTARIUS AND

SOMETIMES I STILL WET THE BED

HIS NAME IS JULIUS SCHWARTZ HE USED TO BE AN EDITOR OF MINE
HE TAUGHT ME ABOUT ARCHIVES AND TRUCK STOPS

AND
HE TAUGHT ME HOW TO COVET
CAN I HANG ON TO THIS?

Deerfield, Michigan
IT WILL RUB THE WHITE OUT ONTO ITS BODY!
IT WILL RUB THE WHITE OUT ONTO ITS BODY
THOSE ARE ITS OPTIONS
WHITE OUT
OR HOSE
MAKE ME REPEAT THEM
WHITEOUT, OR HOSE!
WHITEOUT, OR HOSE!
WHITEOUT OR HOSE!
OR
...HYDROCHLORIC ACID!
OKAY OKAY
I KNOW WHEN I'M BEAT!
I'LL TAKE THE HOSE!

YOU'RE LOOKING AT PHOTOGRAPHS OF CHARACTERS THAT THIS MANIAC HAS RETIRED
PERMANENTLY
YOU MEAN
JULES KILLED BEETLE BAILEY AND ARCHIE RABBIT!?!
NOT EXACTLY
BUT HE DID WIPE OUT MY PARTNER SPIKE!
SEE THAT'S A SNAME KID
I KNOW TELLING WE'RE REAL CLOSE
HE HAS THE ONLY PERSON I COULD TALK TO
ALL YOU HELP ME FIND THE MAN WHO FOOLED HIM, MR BUG?
PRETTY PLEASE?
LET'S SEE.
JULES DID SAY SOMETHING ODD TO ME ONCE
I ALWAYS THOUGHT IT WOULD BE A CLUE THAT WOULD EVENTUALLY LEAD TO HIS DOWNFALL!
JULES' HELLISH HUNT
(NUMBER 3 IN A SERIES)
"A NABUNI WITHOUT MAKE-UP IS LIKE A DAY WITHOUT DORIS
GRASSHOPPER!

Kabuki, Indiana
MAN! THIRTY YEARS AS DC COMICS' COVER GORILLA, AND I CAN'T EVEN AFFORD A COLOR TV!
HOO HOO ♪ IT'S THE MONKEES ♫
WAIT A MINUTE WHAT WAS THAT?
I ATE THE LAST MOUSE YESTERDAY
HELLO?
IS--IS ANYBODY THERE?
THE B-BANANAS ARE IN THE KITCHEN.
JUST TAKE THEM AND GO
I DON'T WANT YOUR BANANAS, CLYDE..
YOU AND I HAVE A SCORE TO SETTLE
JULIE?
HEY I TOLD YA.. IT WAS DODGERS 12, YANKEES 7!
F.B.I.!
FREEZE!!
Hah!
YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME ALIVE, G-TOT!

PANT
PANT
PANT
PANT
PANT
PANT
PANT
PANT
PANT
BRRIIIIING
HELLO?
UH...IT'S FOR YOU, JULIE!
OH, ALL RIGHT!
YES! IT'S YOU!
AL?
CAN I CALL YOU BACK? I'M RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF
AIEEEEE!!
AW NUTS! NOW WE'LL NEVER KNOW WHAT AL WANTED!
PHONE FOR YOU BUG

HERE HE COMES,
HERE HE COMES,
THAT CUTE
LI'L CUT-UP
CALLED
GIMMICK
THE
TOY
WONDER
BWAAA-- HA HA
HIC
HAHAHA
WHOA-- HO-HO
BUURRRP
HOHOHO

WELL THAT ABOUT WRAPS IT UP FOR THIS SPECIAL FOLKS
IF YOU LIKED THIS COMIC BOOK
THOSE WISHING TO MAKE A DONATION TO THE ANGEL ARGERS INSTITUTE WILL FIND A CAN OUT IN THE LOBBY!
PROMOTIONAL COMMERCIAL MESSAGE BY FANBOY PRESS
IF YOU WOULD LIKE A VIDEOTAPE OF THIS SPECIAL, SEND
AND REMEMBER
A KABUKI WITHOUT MAKE UP IS LIKE A DR WITH
MY NAME IS KEITH AND THIS IS MY FRIEND BOB
WE'VE BEEN SOBER FOR NINE PANELS!

ADVANTAGEOUS!

IN ORDER TO SHOW UP HIS DRUNKARD FATHER, IMMATURE COMICS FOUNDER KYLE GIFFEN HAS VOLUNTEERED TO PRODUCE A TWO-PAGE ENCORE FOR US! JUST IMAGINE WHAT THESE PAGES WOULD LOOK LIKE IF HE WASN'T HOLDING BACK!

(colored by Katrina Tollin, age 4)

MRS. GORDON!
HOW DARE YOU MAKE FUN OF MY BOY AL IN YOUR SILLY SPECIAL!
SO YOU WANT STARS, HUH?
I'LL GIVE YOU STARS
AIIIEE!!
WHO'S STUCK NOW, WISEGUY?
UHH E THAT'S AL, I'M NOT HERE!
PLEASE!
I SWEAR I'LL MAKE IT UP TO AL
I'LL--I'LL GET HIM HOMER!

CALLING ALL GIRLS!
IF YOU'VE BEEN SEARCHING IN VAIN FOR A MAN YOU CAN REALLY TALK TO--
--AND TALK TO AND TALK TO--
--DIAL 1-900-555-FIVE AND SPEAK TO THE PHONE-MATE OF YOUR DREAMS!
THIS GUY IS REALLY DEPRESSED, SO DON'T DELAY, CALL TODAY!
THAT'S 1-900-555-FIVE AL IS STANDING BY AND THE LINES ARE OPEN!
1-900-555-3483
$2.00 PER MINUTE...AND AL'S PAYING CASH!

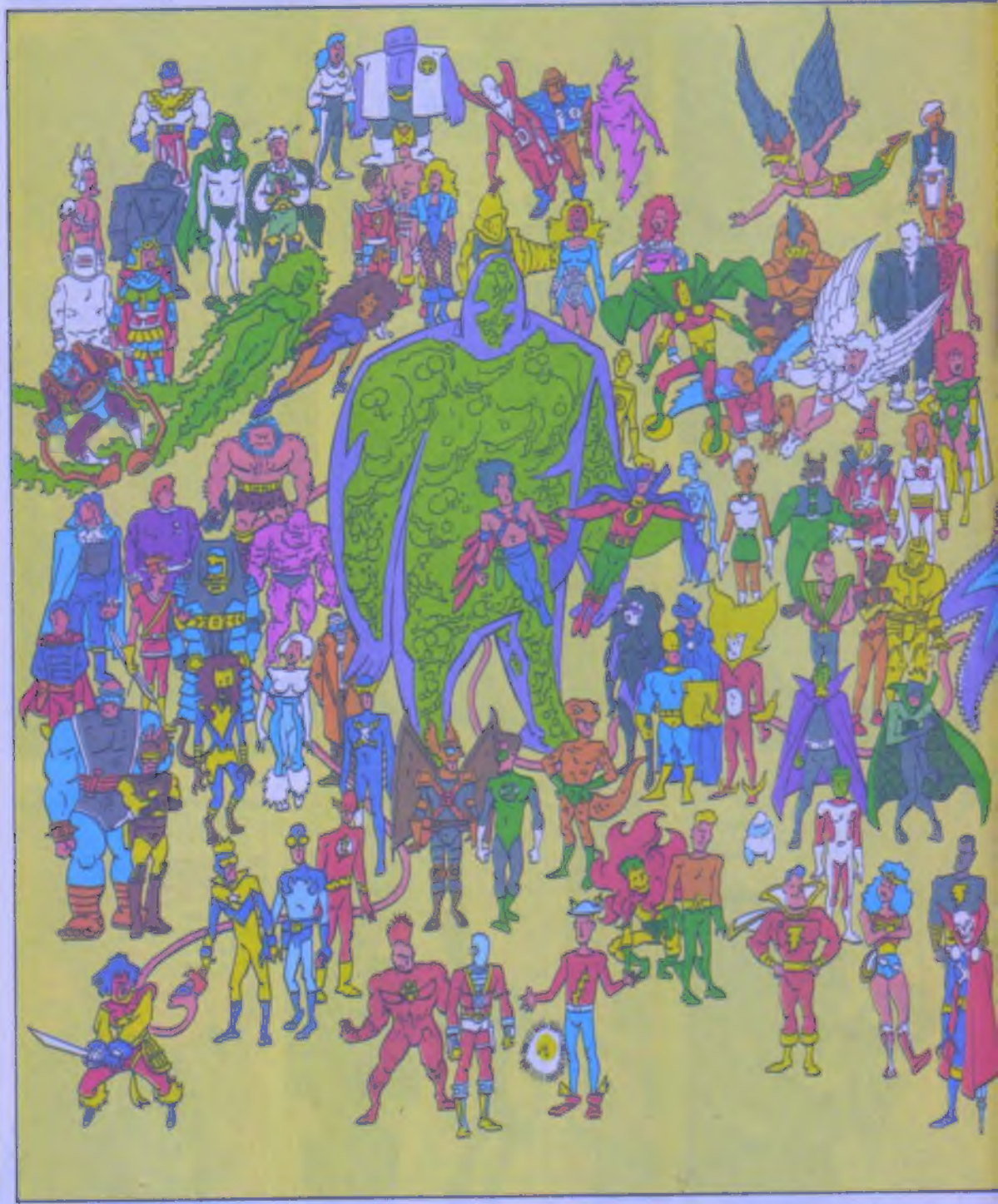
Bill Wray
PRESENTS
Buggy and the Beast
YEAH!
101 FAIRY TALES FOR THE JOHN...
HMM THIS LOOKS LIKE A GOOD SPOT TO PURSUE MY--
ANEM
READING
HEY!
YIKES!
SPROING
YOU CAN'T READ THAT BOOK HERE!
HAVE A LITTLE CONSIDERATION
HOW WOULD YOU LIKE IT IF WE CAME AND READ THAT BOOK NEXT TO YOUR BED?
NO PROBLEMO I'LL JUST TAKE ME TO YONDER CASTLE
THEY MUST HAVE A--
ANEM
READING ROOM
AND THEY DID
WOW RIGHT IN THE FOYER!
GUESS WHEN THESE BLUE BLOODS GET BACK FROM A LONG HUNT, THEY'RE GONNA READ IN A BAD WAY!
I DON'T SUPPOSE THEY'D MIND IF I JUST SLAUGHTERED A COUPLE ARRAGRAMS
HEY!
YEOOW!
SPROING

IMBECILE
IS THAT HER?
SHOW HER TO HER ROOM AND GIVE HER THE ROYAL MAKEOVER!!
TOO DOMINANT
TOO SERVILE
SUPERB
MISS BEAUTY PAGEANT
I'LL DO ANYTHING TO HAVE YOU
DON YOU ADORE MY FACE

NOW YOU ARE MINE, MY LOVE!
ZIP!
CRIPES! I DIDN'T EVEN HAVE TIME TO MOVE!
YOU CALL THAT A LOVE TRIBUTE?! WHY, EVEN I COULD KILL A LOUSY CARTOON DOG!
IF YOU REALLY LOVE ME, YOU'LL GO AFTER SOMETHING DANGEROUS!
HOW'S THIS?
ZIP!
WOW!
HE BROUGHT ME THE HEAD OF EVANDER HOLYFIELD!
I HAVE ANOTHER GIFT FOR YOU, MY LOVE...
IF IT INVOLVES DECAPITATING GEORGE FOREMAN, DON'T BOTHER, IT'S GETTING OLD!
THIS IS MY OTHER GIFT -- A MAMMOTH READING ROOM WHERE YOU CAN BE ALONE AND BROWSE TO YOUR HEART'S CONTENT!
OH, JOY!
THANK YOU!
AND NOW, LOVE'S FIRST KISS...
HEY! WAIT A--
SMOOCH
JULIE!
THE SPELL IS BROKEN! YOU HAVE FREED ME!
DON'T FORGET, KIDS... READING IS FUNDAMENTAL!
YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN!

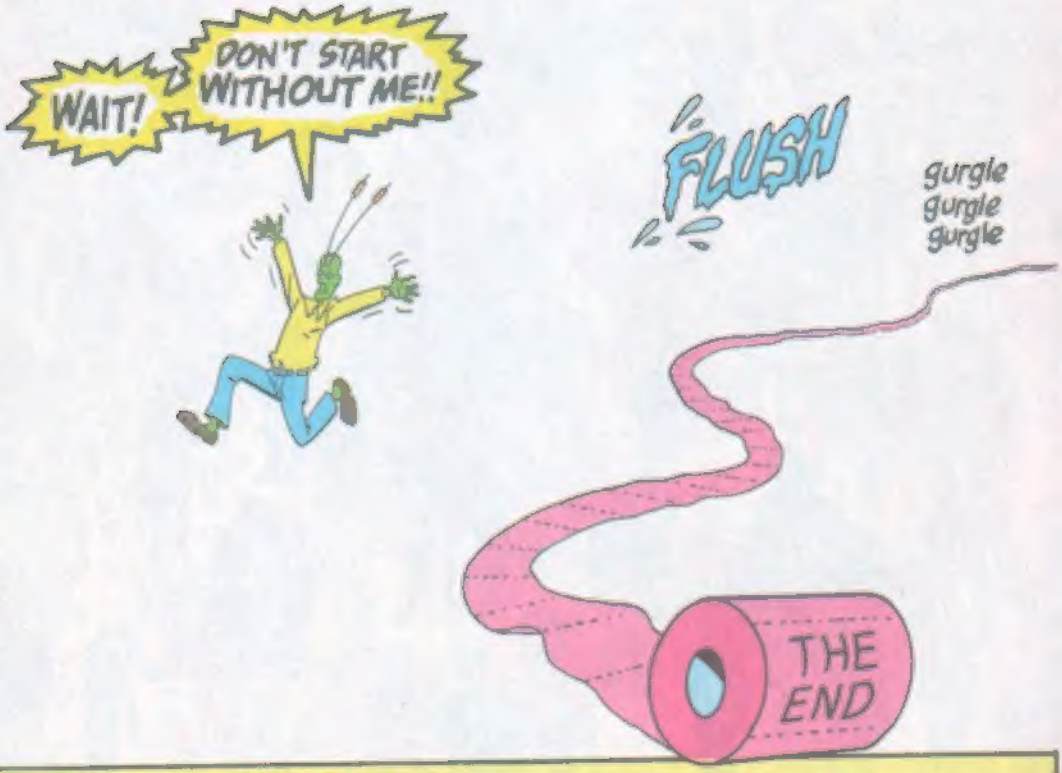
HEY! KIDS OF ALL AGES!

WHERE'S



IRWIN?

THE ANSWER IS ON THE NEXT PAGE → (DON'T PEEK!)



Julie's HELPFUL HINTS!
(NUMBER 4 IN A SERIES)

"Never go anywhere without going first!"

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